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of the Earl of Westminster, or the Marquis of Lansdowne, or the Duke of Sutherland.

A picture by Van der Neer, representing a winter scene, was in Mr. H. Beckford's gallery in London. M. Waagen speaks of it in his book on the arts of England as a prodigy of truth and transparency.

Goettingen Gallery, belonging to the famous university of that name, has one of the masterpieces of this painter: it is "A Fire."

In the famous collection of pictures of Winckler, of Leipsic, sold towards the commencement of the century, there was a "Winter" and two "Moonlights."

The pictures of Van der Neer, being all principal pictures aiming at effect, have been engraved, and by the best masters, in the landscape style. We find the list of engravings of this master in the catalogue of the celebrated Winckler Cabinet, the sale of which took place at Leipsic in 1801.

The prices of Van der Neer's pictures have been variously estimated:

Sale de la Roque, 1745. "Landscape" painted on wood, representing a setting sun, the edge sculptured and gilded, £45.

Lebrun Sale, 1806. "A Moonlight, with a River," on which are two boats. To the right a fisherman's bark; the men drawing their nets. This picture was sold—it is scarcely credible—for £2. At the same sale, "A Landscape" by Moncheson, the figures by Adrian Van der Velde, was sold for £8 2s.

Cambry Sale, 1810. "A Dutch Site," with the perspective of a village to the left, and a river on the opposite side, £9.

Erard Sale, 1832. "Landscape by Moonlight." A marshy plain, with dwelling-houses to the left; on the right trees. A little enclosure, several roads, many trees, posts, a river, etc., £230.

Sale of Count C—, at Antwerp, 1842. "Skaters on the Amstel," £200.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845. A large "River," with a bark on it; several fishing-boats, a fine open country; some beautiful houses peeping through trees. On the foreground, three persons in a lane; the moon, a lovely sky, clouds exquisitely painted. 400 scudi (about £100).

Same sale. A "Winter." There are about a hundred figures skating on the icy river, beyond which is a large town with its steeples, occupying a considerable space of ground. All the different features of such a landscape admirably rendered. A poor man with a log. £41.

Sale of William II., King of Holland, 1850. "A Landscape," (Dutch) as usual, with a canal, moonlight, boats, and figures. A fine night effect. 1000 florins.

Monteal Sale. "Moonlight," £360.



JACQUES PHILIPPE LEBAS.

We have already alluded, in our biography of Van der Neer, to this eminent man. A sketch of his life will be interesting—the more, that it was considerably chequered by events of an amusing character. Son of a *maitre-perruquier*, or hairdresser, Lebas was born in Paris, on the 8th of July, 1707. His mother, having become a widow, had no resource but the interest of the sum derived from the sale of her husband's business, which brought her in about six pounds sterling a year. On this, it will be readily understood, she could scarcely exist with her child. Certainly, she could not send him to school. All the education he had, was simply learning the letters of the alphabet; and Lebas often, in after-life, would express his gratitude to the merchants and artisans of the city of Paris, whose signs and names over their doors had been his first spelling-books. The mother of Lebas, seeing that he had a natural aptitude for drawing, placed him with an architectural-engraver, named Herisset, of very ordinary talents. For a young apprentice, full of fire and hot blood, this cold, geometrical work

was very unsuitable. Fortunately, Lebas having one day met with some engravings by Gerard Audran, was at once struck with the true character of his own genius. He seemed to foresee his destiny; and, despite the ardour of his temperament, he resolved to acquire all the qualities necessary to an engraver—the first of which, undoubtedly, is patience. At the age of fourteen, his mother took him to an old-clothes man, and dressed him from head to foot, before launching him upon the world. But how was he to make himself known? and how to get work without being a little known? This is the eternal circle in which the early genius fires and fumes. People will not employ him because he is not known; and yet all must be tried before they gain renown. Poor Jacques Philippe had no credit, no protector—unless we regard his indefatigable activity, and his ambition to be one day a celebrated artist, and the feeling within him that he is destined to be so, as his safeguard and impulse to that arduous exertion, which was his characteristic through life.

In these days flourished the Dreverts, the Cars, the Dupins, the Ducanges, and the Cochins. The eighteenth century was a fine time for engraving. Everybody was trying to beat others in bringing out splendid publications adorned by plates—series of portraits, books of art, of science, and books of travels—illustrated in a very magnificent style. The richer nobility who possessed pictures, began to engrave them—some to give more value to their collections—most of them to encourage artists, who were then, with literary, learned men, and philosophers, at the head of French society. Lebas had a few plates to execute for the Crozat gallery. The first was "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," which was executed in the broad, vigorous, and admirable manner of Gerard Audran, by whom the youth had been so marvellously struck. "Roman Charity," after Noel Nicolas Coypel, and an engraving after Paul Veronese, completed his *débuts*. He was not as yet a master in style, and yet his "Roman Charity" is engraved in a good and striking way, which leaves little to be desired. The work was executed according to the laws of perspective; that is to say, with that lightness of tint which leaves the distant figures on their proper ground and which it is difficult to attain to with an instrument so precise as the burin. Coypel was so delighted with his engraver, that he insisted on Crozat's giving him double the price agreed on.

Jacques Philippe Lebas was of a warm, passionate, impetuous, and singularly impulsive nature. At the age of twenty-six, he thought of getting married; and one day, walking in the street, suddenly saw a woman of majestic mien and with a very charming face. He was struck by her, admired her, followed her, reached her home, proposed, was accepted, and married at once. It was only on inquiry that he found she was poor—far poorer than himself. This young woman's name was Elizabeth Duret. Her marriage with Lebas was a very happy one, though the serenity of their sky was troubled by a few clouds; one of which was that they had no children. "When I married," Lebas would often say, "I acted exactly like a young man without thought. I gave my wife lace, diamonds, and fine dresses. The day after my marriage I had no more money. This made me serious. Without saying anything, I took the diamonds and lace in my hat-box out into the street and sold all. When I came back, I showed the money to my wife, and said, 'My dear (*ma bonne amie*), I have sold all your finery, but I have got money. I am going to spend it in copper plates. Be patient, keep up my courage. I ask nothing but the time to finish a few plates and bring them out, and I promise to give you back with interest what I have taken from you to-day, without your having had the time to enjoy it.' I kept my word. I shut myself up. I fagged away at the copper (*j'ai pioché le cuivre!*). Madame Lebas attended to her household affairs, and swept her own staircase. In a short time I found myself in a position not only to give her back what I had taken from her, but to be useful to her in every way, and procure for her all the luxuries of life."

To acquire the fortune which he desired to make for the sake of his wife and his mother, Lebas hit upon the idea of establishing a business as an engraver—becoming a dealer, in fact. This required considerable capital, and compelled him to open a school. He collected all the young artists in whom he saw any signs of talent,

With an infinity of tact and judgment he soon saw what each one of his pupils was fit for. He employed them all, each in his peculiar way, and the best results ensued. He was an excellent master of a school. He encouraged some by steady and well-directed praise, others by ironical laudation, being a great master in the art of flattery and joking. If a young man showed any signs of being pleased with himself, Lebas complimented him, embraced him warmly, and sent him away overwhelmed with delight, until the moment when his comrades explained the true character of the perfidious flattery of Lebas. No pupil ever allowed Lebas to embrace him twice. The school was large and well attended. There were out-door scholars and boarders, that is, pupils whom Lebas fed, lodged, and taught gratuitously; they, however, giving him their time. While amusing the class by his fun and humour, he also set them an example of unwearyed activity, worked every day until five or six o'clock in the evening,

the name of the master, and the usual address of the dealer : "A Paris, chez M. Lebas, Rue de la Harpe, Maison du Fayencier, à la Rose Rouge." "Lebas," says Watelet, "quite convinced that the number of connoisseurs is very small, thought that the artist whose name is oftenest seen in print is the best, and the reputation he acquired proved that he was correct. But it would have been more solid had he acknowledged only those pieces which he engraved himself, or, at all events, which he had touched up after his best pupils." It must be allowed, however, that his *piquante* and delightful touch gave life, movement, and grace to even the worst productions of his pupils. At all events, such is the opinion of good judges, and especially of Watelet.

In art, as in everything else, reputation brings money. Madame Lebas saw the prediction of her husband verified. Opulence fell upon the house commenced under such humble auspices. But Lebas, a true artist, naturally disinterested and generous, used his



MORNING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

without ever leaving off those merry characteristics of mind and language, which were the most marked features of his character.

Assisted by so many arms, the impatient engraver was able to undertake and carry out many very vast operations, such as "The Ruins and Monuments of Greece," with the text of Leroi; the large views of Flanders after Teniers; the battles and camps of the Emperor of China; the festivals, rejoicings, and illuminations of the city of Havre, at the time of the visit which Louis XV. paid to it; the vignettes for the Paris breviary; and other series of engravings, some of which, it must be said, seemed rather publishers' speculations than works of art. These speculations succeeded. Lebas soon saw himself at the head of an extensive house, which had connexions and correspondents all over Europe. The engraving trade was inundated by pictures bearing the name of Lebas. Landscapes and historical subjects, geographical charts, subjects from natural history, fire-works and public festivals, theatrical decorations, vignettes, frontispieces and tail-pieces for books, all coming out of the numerous school of Lebas, and bearing

fortune without precaution, without care, and without order, as many men do who have no children, and who believe themselves beyond the reach of want. Too witty, too impulsive to become a business man, Lebas, if he sold a picture on credit, took a note of it on a stray piece of paper, which he was sure to lose before the day was over. If he accepted a bill, he never thought of entering it in a book, and was in the habit of being startled by the sudden presentation of the forgotten document. One day, when, as usual, he had been surprised by one of these bills, he asked the bearer to give him till the next day. The creditor replied by a threat of protesting the bill. Lebas rose in a towering passion, seized the creditor, put him down by main force in an arm-chair, locked him in the room, and rushed out in slippers and dressing-gown. In half-an-hour he returned, having borrowed the money of a friend.

The liberality of Lebas was inexhaustible, and assumed various delicate forms. His generosity was shown particularly to artists. Having one day called to see a landscape-painter of some reputation, named Lacroix, he found him ill and short of money. Presently

Lebas rose and went away, returning, however, after a short period, under pretence of having lost something. He looked about a long time for the article, and took the opportunity of putting down a packet of louis. Lacroix having recovered, went round to Lebas, and spoke to him of his money debt, and especially of his debt of gratitude.

"I don't really know what you mean," said Lebas quietly, and changed the conversation.

After having published his "Works of Mercy," "The Prodigal Son," "The Chemist," "The Black Pudding Maker," and other subjects from Teniers, which are really masterpieces of the engraver's art, Lebas was compelled, as he himself relates, to give up the manner of Audran—that beautiful and warm manner which showed even the clumminess of painting—to create one more expeditious and more in consonance with the taste of the public. This concession

like the pencil in the hands of one drawing. Free from all the caprices, which, in the biting of aquafortis, may defeat more or less the intention of the artist, the dry point, by its movement, its suppleness, its shades of lightness or energy, perfectly expresses the will of the engraver—his way of comprehending and feeling—his individuality, in fact. Wielded by Lebas, the sharp graving tool has done wonders. It has produced unexpected results—inflections full of elegance and grace, and, to use a strong word, full of wit. This style, of which he was almost the inventor, Lebas made use of with success in his agreeable pictures after the Flemish, Dutch, and French painters, which, by their great variety and number, astonished and enchanted all amateurs. They were landscapes from Teniers or Ruysdael, portraits of Berghem, his "Four Hours of the Day;" cavalry halts of Wouvermans, his "Italian Hunt," his "Milk Pot;" little landscapes from Van Ostade, his



MOONLIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

was a weakness; the more so that Lebas could not plead necessity as an excuse, and because, moreover, so superior an artist ought rather to have sought to form public taste than to have bowed to it. But, by great good fortune, Philippe Lebas, when changing his manner, took up another quite as good, though rather more superficial. Before him, the dry point (that is to say, the point acting on the nude copper) had only been used for some light demi-tints, and even for this very rarely. Rembrandt alone had made use of this process with his ordinary genius. Lebas used this style of work, and perfected it to such a degree that he engraved whole skies, however coloured they might be, with the dry point, and succeeded even in rendering the shades of his figures by uniting, when necessary, a dashing vigour with a cleanliness which had in it nothing monotonous or stiff.

The dry point is, of all styles of engraving, that which best realises the conception and idea of the engraver. In his hands it is

"Dutch Family;" familiar scenes by Chardin; and love-makings in swings and in bowers, by Lancret. He gave, too, "The Early Morn," of Karel Dujardin; "Daybreak," by Vandervelde; the landscapes and water-pieces of the great Claude, and "The Seaports" of Joseph Vernet.

To each of these masters Lebas gave a character and vitality. He was free and off-hand with Teniers, mannerist with Lancret, piquant with Berghem and Dujardin, soft with Vandervelde, liquid with Wouvermans; he imitated the precision and firmness of Chardin; he rendered what were called the *fouillis* (the dark lights) of Boucher, and made them much more agreeable in the engraving than they ever were in the original picture. He engraved, after Claude, two of the masterpieces of the Louvre, "The Ancient Port of Messina," and "The Village Reward." He showed himself, in this case perhaps, less broad, less grand than Woollett; but it is remarkable that, on the present occasion, he

thought fit to temper the habitual coquetry of his point, introduced much style into his manner, and reached a rich tone of harmony, though not, perhaps, all the intensity of effect which Wootlett had obtained.

The five hundred pieces engraved by Lebas—an enormous and almost incredible figure, when we reflect that they are pieces engraved with the burin and the sharp graving tool—did not prevent him giving himself to pleasure, to the cultivation of the world, nor from shining there by the liveliness of his fancy and the exuberance of his spirits. This amiable temperament was combined in him with a true sense of the dignity of the arts and his own self-respect. M. Hecquet, his friend, quotes many examples of this. A lady of the court, of distinguished rank, begged him to give lessons to her son, at the same time taking every due care for the young man. Lebas consented; but having perceived, from the very first lessons, that he was made to wait, and that the young nobleman often only came in to give his master a *cachet*,* paid for very dearly, was by far too delicate to receive money he did not earn. Having one day noticed in the ante-chamber a valet with a very pleasing countenance, he ordered him to announce him in the mother's apartment. "Madame," said he on entering, "I wish you to allow me, when Monsieur the — is not prepared or not inclined to take his lesson, to allow me to give it to this young man," pointing to the lackey; "I shall then not lose my time, nor will you, madame, lose your money; and as your lackey will take lessons much oftener than his master, he will derive more advantage than him, and will soon know enough for Monsieur the — to continue his studies under him, and learn all that you appear to wish he should learn." The proposition of Lebas was received as he anticipated, and the master took his leave of his noble pupil.

A few years before his death, a noble lord having lent him a picture to engrave, Lebas, when the plate was finished, asked permission of the proprietor of the original to dedicate the production to him as a testimony of his gratitude. The reply he received was, that permission was granted to him on condition that the affair cost nothing to the person who accepted the dedication. "I will make a present to Monseigneur," said Lebas, "of the right to call himself the protector of artists; and will give him an engraving framed with his arms, and twelve copies as a proof of his title!" Haughty with the great, Lebas was delightful with his equals and with the humble. In their company, he laughed at his obscure birth; and if, on any occasion, he took upon himself to criticise the wig of a visitor or the hair of a portrait, he would add in the simplest tone possible: "I know something about it; I am the son of a hairdresser."

Portraits were not in the style of Lebas. He was, in general, rather weak in them. That of the painter Cazes, which he executed for his reception to the Academy in 1750, did not merit the reception it met with. It was the custom at that time to require, that candidates who presented themselves to be received in the class of engravers, should execute the portraits of two academicians, the plates of those received being the property of the Academy. Lebas competed for the prize, and sent the two portraits of Jacques Cazes (after Aved) and of Robert Lorraine, after Drouais. But Lebas failed in his attempt, less from the errors of his burin than from the imprudence of his tongue. Some words imprudently uttered by him with regard to an academician, were repeated to this person by an officious friend, such as are always to be found; so that on the day of arbitration our academician made a bitter criticism on the work of Lebas, and by chance found in his pocket a burin, with which to touch up and demonstrate the defects. According to this impartial critic, the engraving had too many faults; and it was really like the coolness and impudence of M. Jacques Philippe Lebas to have said the day before to his pupils: "To-morrow, gentlemen, you will be received at the Academy!" So Lebas was rejected, but not without violent protestations from the

minority. Dumont le Romain went so far as to say, that he should like to see a pencil put into the hands of any of those gentlemen and Lebas. He was certain that the engraver would beat them all.

It was thirteen years after this failure that our artist presented himself again. This time the Academy departed from its ordinary rules in favour of Lebas; and, instead of two portraits of academicians, they gave him as his trial-engraving the pretty picture of Lancret, known as "La Conversation Galante." The picture is well known, and as much admired. What brightness, what freshness, what transparency! It seems to have been dashed off under an earnest impulse of enthusiasm, without hesitation, fatigue, or doubt—a very labour of love. The somewhat fantastic trees of Lancret, transported by him from the gardens of Watteau, were executed boldly by Lebas with his point, as the painter had grouped and massed them with his brush.

Received unanimously in 1743, Jacques Philippe Lebas obtained the following year the brevet of engraver to the king's cabinet. In 1771 he was elected "councillor of the king in his Academy," and also received, with the pension of 500 livres, granted by Louis XV to Laurent Cars, who had not lived to enjoy it. Nothing was now wanting to raise the name of Lebas with foreigners. The reigning prince of Deux-Ponts and the king of Sweden attached him to their courts as engraver, and gave him the title.

Lebas was often accused, and not without propriety, of executing his plates in the same way that people painted fans—that is to say, with the assistance of several artists fully up to each speciality of style. One did the heads, another the draperies, another the landscape. This was true in the case of a great many plates, to which Lebas put his double signature as an artist and as an engraver. He himself groaned over this custom, of which he regarded himself as by no means the inventor; and he sought to correct the evil effects of it by making his pupils apply to different branches of art. He had, moreover, quite sufficient tact to see their particular aptitude of style, and always showed them models of masters who could be imitated without peril, reminding them always of the words of the French fable-writer:

"L'exemple est un dangereux leurre:
Où la guêpe a passé, le moucheron demeure."†

During his whole life, Lebas was on the best terms with artists, learned men, and men of letters. Voltaire, of whom Madame Lebas requested as a favour some pit tickets for the first representation of "Merope," sent her tickets for the best boxes, saying that he owed this mark of respect to a comrade. Lebas was intimately connected with many artists, especially with Chardin, after whom he engraved four pieces so much sought after now-a-days: "The Morning Toilet," "Good Education," "The Drawing Lesson," "Economy." One day, when he went to call on his friend Chardin, he found him in his workshop before the picture of a dead hare, which he had just finished painting. "I should like very much to have that picture," said Lebas; "but, then, I have got no money." "That can be arranged," said Chardin: "you have got a waistcoat on there that takes my fancy very much." "Done! Take the waistcoat! (*Va pour la veste!*)" cried Lebas. He immediately stripped off his coat, threw the waistcoat on a chair, and walked off with the picture under his arm.

We must not omit to quote, among the friends of the painter, Cochin, who, before being the friend of Lebas, had been his pupil, or at least his assistant. For a long time Cochin had gone to work every morning at Lebas's unknown to his father, whom he allowed to think that he had just begun his day, when he had already gained his *three francs* by two hours early work. At a later period the younger Cochin made himself a name in literature, by writing on the subject of art. He had acquired great influence, and a powerful name. When it was determined to engrave "The Ports of France," which Vernet had painted for the king, Cochin was charged with the undertaking. He confided the whole of them to Lebas, reserving to himself the right of touching up the plates and sharing the profits. We read at the bottom of several of the plates, *Lebas et Cochin filius socii sculpsérunt!* But the most intimate friend of

* It is usual in France, when you take lessons at so much a lesson, to buy of the professor so many *cachets* or medals, which you give to him one at a time. When you have no more, you renew the supply. The same is done in eating-houses, where a diminution in price is made on twenty dinners.

† Example is a dangerous lure: where the wasp has passed the gnat sticks.

Lebas was Descamps, the author of "The Lives of Flemish Painters." A confidant of the domestic quarrels, he was always the means of making peace in the family. Our readers should peruse in the Memoirs of M. Hecquet, already alluded to, the acts and deeds of this jealous husband, who had no excuse to be so; and, above all, a certain adventure which amused the pupils of Lebas for a very long time. Uneasy about some of his wife's walks and journeys in the town, our French husband rushed one day out into the street, called a cab, and dashed after his wife in his morning costume, which was none of the most complete. The cab, instead of following the carriage in which Madame was, followed another, which was taking a worthy abbé to the Marais. The coach stopped, the abbé got out, the jealous husband rushed furiously into the house which he believed his wife to have entered, abused the concierge, made a horrible noise, called for his wife, burst open a door and fell upon the unfortunate abbé, who, seeing the angry artist in a very simple *négligé*, burst out laughing in his face.

The admirable woman and devoted wife, Madame Lebas, died in 1781. Her husband, who was then seventy-four years of age, was profoundly affected by her death. At an age when one wants repose, he for the first time felt annoyances, afflictions, discouragements, and distress. His undertaking, the figures of "The History of France," which required considerable advances of money, had placed him in great pecuniary difficulties. The wilful slowness of Moreau the younger, with whom he was on cold terms, in giving him drawings for this work, which was brought down only to Louis IX.; the necessity he was under of leaving the house where his wife had just died, after living there forty-five years; all combined to overthrow the courageous old man, and he died. This event took place in 1783, just as it became evident that his "History of France" was a great success.

Amid all the annoyances of his last days, he still had some remnant of his old fun and humour. "In 1782," says Hecquet, "we were at the Trianon. We were in the apartment of Madame the Princess of Montbazon, whose windows opened upon a little garden with water and fountains, where the dauphin was walking, or rather carried about, by his attendants. The little prince having stopped before the window, Lebas began, by making faces, swelling out his cheeks, and striking them with his hands, to make the child laugh. It was hinted to him that these demonstrations were not respectful, considering the rank of the child! Lebas immediately checked himself, and, turning round, addressed the heir-presumptive to the throne, who was but one year old: 'I am Jacques Philippe Lebas, engraver and pensioner of your grandfather. I am delighted to have been the means of making his grandson laugh.' More natural than those who were silly enough to take him away from the contamination of laughter, the child showed, by its cries and lamentations, its regret at being taken away from such joyous company!"

On the 9th Thermidor, in the year IV. (1796), the National Library purchased the collection of the works of Lebas, made by Hecquet, for the sum of £120. It is a very valuable part of the riches of that great and admirable institution, which, with many defects, is so superior in many other things to the British Museum. We have the more readily told the story of Lebas's life—he whose name is put to so many engravings with which connoisseurs are familiar—because his life has scarcely ever been written. In fact, the materials have only recently been discovered to exist, since the revolution of 1848, when some of the eminent literary men who took a part in that demonstration obtained access to certain of the archives which had been buried and lost to the world from the carelessness and negligence of certain parties. Bryan says of him: "A celebrated French engraver, who has left a considerable number of pieces, executed in an excellent manner. He was born at Paris in 1708, was instructed in the art of engraving by N. Tardieu, and was one of the most ingenious artists of his time. He excelled in landscapes and small figures, which he touched with infinite spirit and neatness. He availed himself much of the freedom and facility of etching, which he harmonised in an admirable manner with the graver and dry point. The popularity of his works procured him a number of scholars, whose talents were employed in advancing the plates which he afterwards finished and published

with his name. His prints after Teniers are more than a hundred."

He was a very great man in his way, and deserves a niche amid the many who have a claim to a place in the wide world-history of art, which is of all countries, even more than literature, because art requires no translation. The eyes and the heart are alone required for us to comprehend and feel its beauties. It is an excellent and notable sign of the times that art is understood and appreciated."

A PICTURE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June, 1854.

DURING my residence in this city, about which cling such memories of the past—memories of conquest, of war, of terrible struggles for the world's mastery—and which is yet the centre of so much that is important, I have become acquainted with very many facts which, if all recorded, would be worthy of a volume. I am fond of wandering about into the darker alleys of this "city of the soul," this "mother of dead empires," this "Niobe of nations," which stands

"Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;"

and, though glad at times to mix with the gay throng that crowded the halls of princes, prelates, and bankers, I have sought, according to my usual characteristics, as much as possible to initiate myself into the mysteries of humble life. I have never neglected art, that study which, of all others, repays so well the labour and time bestowed on it; and though I have not, with Coleridge, experienced "an acute feeling of pain on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo," because they owe their preservation solely to the durable material on which they are painted, I have studied them with earnest love. In fact, my days have been spent, and would be still, but that I am about to leave for Florence, in marvelling at the beauties of painting and sculpture I see around me—my evenings in wandering in Rome and the outskirts in search of studies of manners. I aim, in my artistic productions, at the style of Ostade or Cuyp, rather than that of our Titian. It was in consequence of this feeling of mine that I met with an adventure which I purpose recording at a future time on my canvas—the more, that it has a connexion with a countryman, and is, therefore, interesting.

I had extended my walk to some distance one evening. The night came on suddenly while I was wrapped in contemplation; and, turning round, I scarcely knew where I was. I saw distinctly before me the ruins of an old tower, which told me about what distance I was from Rome; and yet I felt little certainty of finding my way. I was not sufficiently familiar with the road to trust to myself as a guide; but after a few minutes' hesitation I set off, as I thought, along the path which I had followed in the light. In ten minutes I had lost my way. I could speak Italian, and could have asked the road, but there was nobody to ask. This made me reflect on the sage remark, that a man may be a fool in many languages, and I said many things to myself which were of a nature scarcely worthy remembering. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was on the right road, but it was of no avail; so at last I stood still and looked around. I was near a ruin, whose

"Broken arches, black as night,"

just allowed a glimmer of departed day to peer through them, and show me a little of the scene around.

I soon found that I was also near a little stream, as I heard, not by the roar of waters from the headlong height, but by the gentle rippling of the tiny waves. I began to suspect that I really did not know where I was. I stood still. The scene was new to me; and yet, at sight of that pile of ages long ago, as the light began to stream from star and planet on oriel, buttress, and scroll, I suspected I had seen the place before from a distance. My eyes began to accustom themselves to the gloom, and presently I distinctly saw a kind of rude hut, such as are commonly built in out-of-the-way places by Roman peasants.

I at once felt fatigue. Before I had never thought of it, but now hunger, thirst, and weariness, came all upon me at once,